Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.
As they are ſharing, the Prince and Poines ſet vpon them, they all runne away, and Falſtaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the bootie behinde them.

Prin. Got with much eaſe. Now merily to horſe: the theeues are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away good Ned, Falſtalffe ſweares to death, and lards the leane earth as hee walkes along: wer't not for laughing I ſhould pitie him.

Pomes How the rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a letter.

But for mine owne part my Lord, I could be well contented to bee there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in the reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe: he ſhewes in this, he loues his owne barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous.

Why that's certaine, t'is dangerous to take a cold, to ſleepe, to drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower ſafetie.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named vncertaine, the time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoyſe of ſo great an oppoſition,

Say you ſo: ſay you ſo. I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lacke-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends; what a froſtie ſpirited rogue is this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the Action. Zoundes and I were now by this raſcall, I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my vncle, and my ſelfe, Lorde Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? is there not beſides the Dowglas? haue I not al their letters to meete me in armes by the ninth of the next month, and are they not ſome of them ſet forward already? what a pagan raſcall is this, and infidel? Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of feare and cold heart, will hee to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide

my ſelfe, & g
with ſo hono
we are prepa
How now K
Lady O n
For what off
A baniſht w
Tell me, ſwee
Thy ſtomake
Why doſt th
And ſtart ſo
Why haſt th
And giuen m
To thicke ey
In thy faint ſl
And heard th
Speake tearm
Cry courage
Of ſallies, an
Of pallizado
Of baſilisks,
Of priſoners
And all the cu
Thy ſpirit wi
And thus hat
That beds of
Like bubbles
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Such as we ſe
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Some heauy
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Hot. Wha
Ser. He is
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Ser. One
Hot. Wha
Ser. It is,